

9, 1886.

ADVERTISEMENTS

EVERY GARDEN!

all seedmen and merchants,
N. Y. It is worth reading.

EVERY'S

PORTABLE

FENCE.

distance for the Farmer.

absolutely portable, being so
two men can take up and move
a day, enabling the farmer to
half the time on his farm.

portable fence that will not
durable, being supported by an
all metal post.

best permanent fence because
the ground that will not blow
down trees.

fence for all kinds of stock,
bottom, the fence and battens
so that stock will not run into
wire fence. The wire at the
and cattle pulling against it
as in ordinary cases, and tall
fencing but little if any more than
fe. ce.

is such that persons desiring
can enter into its manufacture
profit to themselves and the
country.

for sale on Reasonable
terms. Any person send-
ing of the farm, with five cents
from his or her pocket, will
receive a circular and direc-
tions for its manufacture.
For a particular call on
JENNINGS & SONS

EVER IN COWS.

JENNINGS & SONS

THE PANACEA

for Milk Fever in cows. It is
the only remedy of a reliable char-
acter, and is directed, sold by
\$1.00 per package; 30 doses.

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JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

VOLUME XVII.

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Agricultural.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

Held under the Auspices of the Webster Farmers' Club, in the Township of Webster, Washtenaw County.

As announced in the FARMER some weeks ago, a Farmers' Institute was held at the Congregational church in the township of Webster, beginning on Tuesday, the 19th, and continuing through the following day and evening. The programme arranged for the occasion was as follows:

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 19.

Music—Anthem.
Invocation—Rev. Wm. Jones.
Welcome—Address—President of the Club, George Merrill.
Paper—"People We Meet," Mrs. Alice Olaver, Webster.

"Chinese Agriculture"—Prof. J. B. Steere, Michigan University.
Music.
"The Silent Educator"—I. G. McColl, Webster.
"Different Methods in Agriculture"—Mrs. E. S. Cushman, Detroit Hills.
"Frauds, General; Frauds, Particular"—C. M. Starks, Webster.

RECESS.

AFTERNOON, 1:30.

"The Farmer and His Relations to the Commercial Interests of the Country"—Hon. H. Hinds, Stanton.
Paper—Mrs. F. Chamberlain, Dexter.
Music.
"Success in Life, Its Aids and Hindrances"—Wm. Ball, Hamburg.

RECESS.

EVENING SESSION.

"The Relation of the Stockman's Wife to Her Husband's Business"—Beatrice, of the Household of the Michigan Farmer, Detroit.
Music.
"Needs of Agriculture"—Prof. Samuel Johnson, Agricultural College, Lansing.
Committee on Programme—Wm. Ball, W. E. Boyden, Mrs. Johnson Backus, President Merrill, and the Secretary, Miss Nellie Quail.

The following are the officers of the club:

President—George Merrill.

Treasurer—Wm. Weston.

Recording Secretary—Miss Nellie Quail.

Corresponding Secretary—Irving C. McColl.

Ice-Presidents—Wm. Ball, George W. Phelps.

By 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening the church was filled with an audience made up of the farmers of the vicinity, and others from Saline, Dexter, Hamburg, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and other towns. A few came from a distance, and felt well paid for attending. The President, Mr. Geo. Merrill, assumed the chair and called the meeting to order, and a fine choir, under the leadership of Mr. Erwin Ball, gave a musical selection, which was followed by an invocation by the Rev. Wm. Jones.

President Merrill then read a short address in which he cordially welcomed the visitors present. He gave a short history of the Club, and advocated the forming of such an one in each township in the State. He spoke of the progress made in the past fifty years, especially referring to the neighborhood where the Club had its headquarters. It is only 61 years since the first white man settled in Washtenaw Co. At that time Michigan was believed to be a State worthless for agricultural purposes. He showed by statistics her present position as a producer of wheat, wool and other farm products, and compared her average of wheat per acre with other States. In connection with her educational interests he spoke in complimentary terms of the Agricultural College and the State University. In conclusion, he said that the preponderance in numbers of the farming community made it their own fault if the laws were not what they should be, and counselled united action to reform what was thought to be unjust or unwise in the laws of the State.

Mrs. Alice Olaver, of Webster, followed with a paper on "People We Meet." Mrs. Olaver read a very interesting essay, filled with descriptions of the people met with in every day life, their characteristics, failings and merits. The descriptions were graphic, humorous, and so apt in some cases as to draw forth the ap-

plause of her audience. This paper is to appear in full in the HOUSEHOLD, and therefore we refrain from making a summary of it.

The choir gave some excellent music, and then Prof. J. B. Steere, of the State University, gave a paper on "Chinese Agriculture." He depicted the difference between the methods of a country where labor was abundant and land scarce, as compared with our own country where opposite conditions obtain. He described the careful manner in which every inch of soil is cultivated, and the methods adopted to secure the very largest results. The land is divided into tracts, the tillers living in villages in huts so small that they look like chicken coops; and irrigation is used to force the quickest and greatest growth possible.

After the choir had furnished some more music, an adjournment was taken till next morning at 9:30.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The church was filled to overflowing, despite the blustering character of the weather, when President Merrill called the meeting to order. The choir gave "The Jovial Farmer Boy" so as to draw repeated rounds of applause, when Mr. I. G. McColl, of Webster, presented a paper on "The Silent Educator." Mr. McColl spoke of the press as an educator, and the immense power, for good or for evil, with which it is imbued. The press is the originator of every public function, and each one is the greatest and the best and the mainspring of every enterprise. The love of notoriety makes the press a power. The editor is not at all ways a good man; in fact he is frequently far from it, and his paper imparts a mis-idea to its readers. The editor must, however, pander to the tastes of his readers to be successful. A paper is seldom all bad or all good. On one page may be a sermon to the youth, with the details of a tragedy on the other. The latter is always read more fully than the former. The good newspaper exerts a wonderful influence upon public opinion. The literary journal and its refining influence was commented upon, and the ubiquitous reporter, with his instinct for news of all kinds, from the fire, or the sick room of the dying, each detail noted and commented upon. The political press was also criticised in its relations to public affairs and public men. The great danger from the press was the influence its teachings had upon the minds of the young, and it was the duty of parents to carefully watch the character of the journals they allowed their children to read. Despite its shortcomings, however, the press was and is doing a great good in enlightening public sentiment.

Mr. C. F. Moore, Prof. Johnson and others warmly applauded the paper of Mr. McColl. Mr. Moore said no one who had not brought up a family could appreciate how true were the criticisms of the press. He then spoke of the prevailing tendency of the daily press to sensationalism, giving details of every crime and tragedy, illustrated with pictures of the criminal. It was a bad thing for children to be allowed to read such papers, and it was difficult to keep them out of their way. He hoped for a better sentiment to obtain among the public, and this would soon be reflected in a change in the character of the press.

"Different Methods in Agriculture" was the caption of a paper presented by Mrs. E. S. Cushman, of Delhi Mills. The reader spoke of the early days in the settlement of Ohio, and the impression people then had in regard to Michigan. It was fully believed that the State was not worth surveying. The reader then referred to the early history of the west, the effect of immigration; gave a description of the farm owners in Great Britain, and their methods; also in Ireland, Germany and France, and then compared the condition and prospects of the agriculturists in America with those of other lands, and closed with the advice that we should be content in Michigan, the center of the "golden belt."

The Rev. Mr. Jones took exceptions to some of the statements in regard to the condition of the English peasantry, but Mrs. Cushman and Mr. Ball gave some facts and figures that amply sustained the statements of the paper.

We will say right here that all the papers read by the ladies during the Institute are in the hands of the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD, and will appear from week to week. They were so generally good that it was deemed advisable to publish them in full, as no summary could do justice to them. This is the reason we make but few comments upon them.

"Frauds, General; Frauds, Particular," was the name of the paper presented by C. M. Starks of Webster, and he laid bare the frauds in this life with an unsparring hand, no matter where the shock struck. The paper had also a species of grim humor about it that greatly pleased his audience. We shall not attempt a summary of this paper. It is too good to be spoiled, and we propose giving it in full. After some more music by the choir, a recess was taken until half-past one o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

It was little late before President Mer-

ill could call the meeting to order, the trouble being that the ladies in the neighborhood had prepared an enormous amount of food, which they insisted had to be eaten. The visitors got away alive, but it was a tight squeeze. Finally the church filled up with a splendid audience, and after the President had rapped to order, the choir gave another selection that seemed to strike everyone as particularly fine. Then H. H. Hinds, of Stanton, Montcalm Co., read a paper entitled "The Farmer and His Relations to the Commercial Interests of the Country." Mr. Hinds said the farmer was interested in straight, honest business. Having to work unceasingly, and his avocation requiring untiring energy, his natural allies are honest, industrious and enterprising men, who are interested in the various productive industries of the country. To the lawless, dissipated and worthless portion of the community the farmer's interests are entirely antagonistic.

"There need be no regrets that the farmer, his children, and his children's children are born to incessant and increasing toil. It seems to be a physical law that it requires work—actual, fatiguing work—to develop the staying qualities of our successful American citizens in all callings and professions. And I here make the assertion, without fear of contradiction, that nine-tenths of the men and women who have made this country great and themselves famous were born to great physical toil and exertion. The large majority of the successful business and professional men engaged in the industries of our country, and in the various professional callings, are graduates of the farm and country, and are not city bred. It is the exception and not the rule, that the father, the son, and the grandson successively succeed to the same great business in our towns. It seems to be necessary to infuse new blood from the country. The farmer, in his relations to the commerce of the country, should be the embodiment of the strictest integrity, and should observe to the smallest particular, any contract regarding the sale or the quality and condition of his products. He is especially interested in the abolition of all frauds and deceptions." He instanced the butter fraud as one of a serious character, both to butter-maker and the consumer. He said there were about 14 million butter cows in the country, and this great industry must go to the wall if this fraud was allowed to go on. Chicago sent out each year 10 millions of pounds of butter more than she received from the country, and the excess came from the rendering tanks of that city. The consumer got no advantage from this, and he was compelled to eat it under the impression he was eating dairy butter. The cheese business was being injured in the same way, and the farmers themselves were somewhat responsible for this through their co-operative factories, for they partially skimmed the milk and sold the cheese. He took the ground that the farmer, more than any man in the community, is interested in the strictest integrity in all lines of trade and business.

This paper called out quite a discussion, in which Mr. Nordman, of Dexter, sustained the paper and spoke of the fraud practiced upon farmers by milks in defiance of law. He said that while the law gave them the right to take toll to the amount of one-tenth, some of them were not content with less than a sixth, and sometimes a fifth of the grain. He said he was glad the matter was being ventilated in the MICHIGAN FARMER, and thought the farmers should look for a remedy.

Mr. C. F. Moore, Mr. Peters and Mr. Stark discussed various points in the paper, and especially the oleomargarine frauds.

Mrs. F. Chamberlain, of Dexter, followed with a paper on farm life, and especially the training and care of children, which gave general satisfaction to her hearers and enlisted their closest attention.

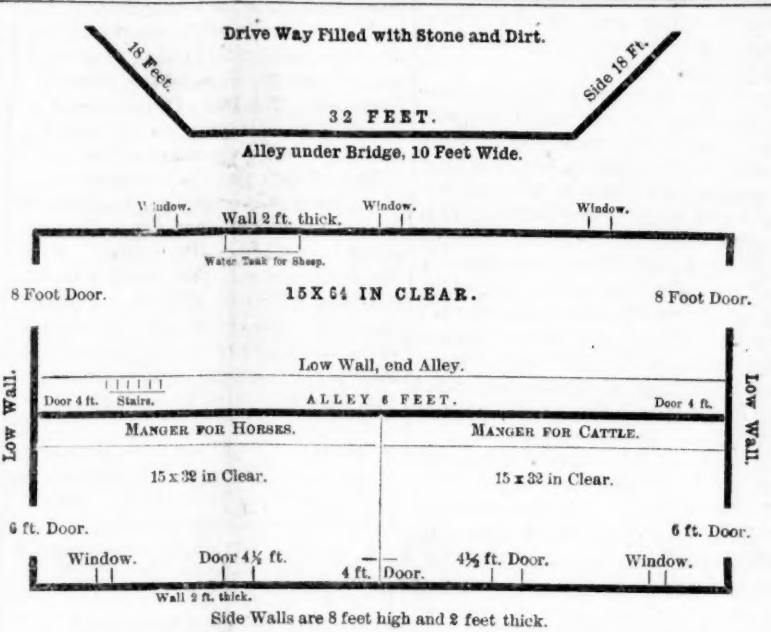
"Success in Life, Its Aids and Hindrances," by Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, was a paper entirely different from anything we have heard from the author before, and it was a very pleasant one to listen to with its sharp comments and earnest advice. We hope to give it in full before long.

A musical selection ended the afternoon session, and a recess was taken until 7:30.

EVENING SESSION.

The church was crowded when the meeting was called to order. After some music, a paper entitled "The Relation of the Stockman's Wife to Her Husband's Business" was read by Beatrice, Editor of the MICHIGAN FARMER HOUSEHOLD, which will be given in full hereafter at the earnest request of some of the stockmen as well as ladies present. This paper was followed by music by the choir.

Mrs. H. H. Hinds of Stanton, was called upon for a recitation, and responded by giving "The Widow's Prayer" in a style which drew out merited applause. Music by the choir followed, and then Prof. Samuel Johnson of the State Agricultural College, read a paper on "The Needs of Agriculture." He said the present might seem an inopportune time to refer to the needs of agriculture in this



BARN FOR MICHIGAN.

Description of One in Washtenaw County.

WEBSTER, Washtenaw Co., Jan. 8, 1886.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I see in last week's FARMER, that O. A. Sober, of Ypsilanti, calls for information on barn building. I have a basement barn built on level ground that I use for a grain, hay and stock barn. I will give plan of barn, so that Mr. Sober may get some ideas from it that may be of some benefit to him in building. Size of barn 40x64 ft., plan above basement. The barn has five bents and four spaces; spaces are all 16 ft.; length of posts 20 ft.; have a bay in each end of barn 16x40; have two floors 16x40; as there is nothing between the two floors but posts it would be the same as one floor 32x40; on front side of barn have a drive way 32 ft. with bridge from driveway to barn door. Each floor has double doors, and when hooked together can be sent right and left; after filling one end bay close the doors to one floor and you have another bay 16x40. There is no need of leaving over 13 ft. for drive floor, and it don't take any extra help to fill this kind of a barn. The basement has side walls 2 ft. thick and 8 ft. high, low walls on each end and on both sides of alley running lengthwise of basement. I will send you a diagram of basement.

A barn of this size will hold without crowding 125 sheep and 18 head of horses and cattle, or 250 sheep without horses and cattle. I used for floor in cattle stable cobblestones and waterlime, plank for horses in single stalls, dirt in double. I have shoot above alley for throwing down hay and straw, etc. Mr. Sober asks if a basement story will pay the outlay. By using a few more stones and a little more timber, you get a warm and comfortable place for stock, where they won't shiver in the coldest of weather. In my opinion he can't get the same room for so little cost in any other way. If Mr. Sober will take the trouble to come to Webster, I should be pleased to show him some good basement barns.

I have meal bin under stairs that can be filled from top. I wouldn't put basement in bank if I had one. GEO. W. MERRILL.

A Lenawee County Farmer who Don't Like Basements—His Idea of a Farm Barn.

It seems to me the basement men have had it their own way and everybody seems to take it for granted it is the only way to build a barn; but my idea of a barn (mind you, this is only my idea) is one that shall combine the most room; be the most convenient for feeding stock and at the same time not cost a small fortune.

Such a barn as Mr. Phelps describes cannot be built in this section for much less than \$1,500 or \$1,800.

Now a basement is no place to keep sheep, as many good flock-masters of this section can testify; it is either too warm and poorly ventilated, or too cold and damp if left with doors open. What is wanted for sheep is plenty of light, and that might be truly said of all other kinds of stock. When I build a barn it will be a one story barn and something after this plan: Make your frame of as light timbers as possible, say 8x8 for posts and beams and 6x8 for plates and purlines. Put up five bents 12, 14, or 16 feet apart with floor in the middle and bay on one side and bay and granary on the other. The width should be not less than 50 feet. Take 12 feet from the side for stable and have a 6 foot alley between this and bays. This stable is intended for cattle or both cattle and horses, letting them face the barn floor with plenty of windows behind, also windows over drive doors; over this stable have matched floor and run your straw with shoots behind the cattle to throw down bedding. There is no harder work about doing chores than cutting down a frozen straw stack and carrying it in for bedding.

This barn is intended to stand east and west with drive door in the north. Build your sheep barn on west side of your barnyard, and connected with and running south from main barn, say 24 by 48, with windows on all sides and matched floor overhead, and one or two shoots in center to throw down hay. Now on the west side of drive way build a tool house same width as sheep barn, with doors on all sides and matched floor overhead to

[illegible]



Poetry.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for a hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a fearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown—
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their way alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit-comrades
Have missed them on the way
I sing with a heart overflowing,
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that wanderer
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toll and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—Edna Wheeler Wilcox.

A NUN.

If you become a Nun, Dear!
A Prior I will be;
In any cell you run, Dear!
Pray look behind for me!

The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show;
What! You become a Nun? My Dear!

I'll not believe it, No!
If you become a Nun, Dear!
The b' shop love will be;
The Cupids, every one, Dear!

Will chant "We trust in thee!"
The income will go aching;
The smiles go aching;
The water turn to wine;

What! You take the vows, My Dear!
You may—but they'll be mine.

—Leigh Hunt.

Miscellaneous.

THE GENERAL.

BY C. W. BARDLEY.

We were sitting over our walnuts and wine. The ladies had gone, and the doctor became more and more reticent. Either his heart was in the drawing-room, or he was sleepy or dreaming. His usual conversational powers had quite deserted him.

"Wake up, doctor," said mine host, a fine old English gentleman, of portly presence, lord of the manor, J. P., D. L., chairman of the Board of Guardians, and what not. He shoved the decanter to the doctor's elbow as he spoke.

The doctor passed the wine untouched. "I was thinking," he replied; and I thought I detected the glint of half a tear in his eye.

"You're not in the blues, doctor? On Christmas Eve, too," put in Sir Robert, cheerily.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," replied the doctor, smiling; "but seven years ago to-night a curious incident happened to me, and never has Christmas Eve come round since but I have got musing over it. The worst of it is, it's an unfinished story. It's a mystery like the mystery of 'Edwin Drood,' or the 'Man in the Iron Mask,' or the ghost that appeared to Lord Lytton, and lacks the conclusion that shall unravel the whole."

"A story, a Christmas story?" we all shouted, and Sir Robert the loudest of all. "It's my first Christmas in England for just thirty years," he added, in apologetic tones; "and many's the time I've thought, if God spared my life, I would return to the old country, if it were only to gaze on snow clad hills and sit among friends at a Yuletide feast and hear a good Christmas yarn. Outside, Jack Frost bids fair to nip his own fingers with cold; inside's a fire, a dinner, and good company; and now here's a story—the thing's complete."

"The story! the story!" we shouted in chorus.

"Fire away, doctor!" said Sir Robert, the Indian hero, whose name had become a household word for splendid deeds in half a dozen campaigns.

"Well, I don't mind," said the doctor, "but remember, it's only half a tale. Don't scold me when I pull up short—there's no finish to it."

"We'll finish it for you," I said, laughing.

"So we will," cried all. "At any rate, we'll try to guess the sequel."

Sir Robert had his back to the merrily crackling log fire; he was not yet seasoned to an English winter, so the warmest seat was his. We instinctively hitched up our chairs nearer to the doctor, and he, after a moment of hesitation, thus began:

"As I said before, it was seven years ago to-night. But if I am to begin at the beginning, I must go back several weeks.

"In the month of October, whether early or late I cannot remember, I began to make a daily professional call in Barchester Square. Even then the glory of the square was fading; and now, after the lapse of only seven years, it has become the undisputed possession of doctors, lawyers, city men, et hoc genus.

"But seven years ago there were still a few drops of the *creme de la creme* of society to be found there, and I was attending an old blue-blooded marquis—and too full-blooded to boot—who twenty years before had had a narrow escape of finding a seat in the Cabinet. For twenty years he had sulked in consequence, and his confirmed habit of sulking had superinduced a secondary complaint, which required, or the old folks thought it required, a daily visit.

"It was a new seat to me then, and as I had to see him about seven o'clock, and as he was too sulky ever to invite me to dinner, although a yellow-legged footman

invariably began a tattoo on the gong just as I left the door, I found it necessary to seek my dinner somewhere else. Even a doctor must eat—well, sometimes.

"You didn't do badly to-night, doctor," I ventured to hint.

"I've been trying to overtake a year's disturbed and broken meals," replied the doctor with a grim smile. "It's a long leeway to make up, I can tell you."

"Well, perhaps some of you will laugh at my ignorance, when I inform you that I had never heard of Guarini's in my life, and stumbled on that famous old restaurant by accident. I need not describe the place, for although it has long been left stranded by the rapid changes that are ever going on in London, and which make one locally popular to-day and deserted to-morrow, still it enjoys a certain favor from old gentlemen of conservative instincts, who, having discovered a comfortable berth, don't care to quit it."

"It still maintains its half-club character. Its dinners are expensive, but notably good—not *recherche*, but well cooked—and its wines are as ever, unimpeachable."

"Few young men are found there, and no ladies—I never saw a petticoat there all the time I used it—it's out of their beat, and sombre. But for elderly bachelors, widowers content with a first experience, and woman-haters in ordinary, who do not mind forking out the coin, there's no place to beat it in the metropolis."

"Not a doubt of it," said a sallow-visaged guest, who had not yet spoken, but who had never ceased peeling walnuts since the doctor began.

A look of warm sympathy was interchanged between the doctor and the sallow-visaged guest; evidently both in their turn had made up a good deal of leeway at Guarini's; at any rate, memory was too strong for the doctor—he had to pause for a moment.

"Night after night I turned in at Gale Street, and the oftener I went the more was I pleased with my quarters."

"One Saturday—it was the first Saturday I ever took advantage of its proximity to the residence of the blue-blooded and too full-blooded marquis, for I generally steered straight home on that day—I had a further engagement, so I stepped into Gale Street."

"The room was not quite so full as on other days, but there was a fair sprinkling of gentlemen; some in evening dress, ready for the theatres, some in ordinary attire."

"Fritz, the German waiter, took my coat and hat, and I opened my napkin at the little table I always appropriated."

"Ain't the General going it?" whispered John to Fritz, as he presented me with a menu.

"A whole pint," replied Fritz, in an undertone.

"Perhaps it's his birthday," suggested John.

"Or the anniversary of a victory," suggested Fritz, and he began humming German Volklieder—a trick he had fallen into when not busy.

"The General," I said to myself, as I spooned away at my soup. "Who's the General? Which is he?"

I looked slowly around the room, and at once pitched on him. No mistaking that military air. He sat straight in his chair, looking every inch the soldier.

"The idol of his men, no doubt," I said to myself, "and a Rupert in the field."

"Who is the General?" I asked of John, as he cleared away preparatory to the next joint.

"I don't know, sir; he comes every Saturday—never misses."

"No other day?"

"Never knew him to come any other day but Saturday since first he dined here, and that's five years ago; and he's never missed coming in all that time on a Saturday."

"Way do you call him the General?"

"I don't exactly know, sir; it's a name as was given him by a gentleman as sat at this next table—more in fun than in earnest—a long while back, and we've called him the General ever since. It's the only name he goes by in this establishment. From the manager downward, he's not known by no other."

"Do you mean to say that is all you know of him at the end of five years?" I said in wonderment.

"That's all; except that he's an easy gentleman to attend on, and allus has his sumpence when he's done. But he's awful particular about his dinner and his wine."

"A gourmand?" I asked in an undertone.

"Never a smaller eater comes into this establishment, and almost a teetotaler; only drinks claret, and but a glass or two of that. But he'll have the best or none."

"Even John felt the figure was slightly too familiar for a man with so distinguished an air."

"Somehow my eye was fascinated. I couldn't help looking at the man who had dined at that table every Saturday for five years, and had never once turned up between times, a man whose real name and title nobody knew, and who yet gave one the unmistakable impression of being somebody out of the common ruck."

"I found myself stealthily taking in all his points. A tightly-fitting frock coat, a pretty high stock—linen, so far as visible, spotless—no ring on the finger, but a delicate hand, a wide forehead, a slightly peaked nose, a clean-shaven face, and except for a cropped moustache, and a somewhat weak chin—yes, the chin was the weak point of the face; over all an expression of fine reserve."

"The next Saturday I found myself unconsciously awaiting the appearance of the General. He came in almost as soon as I had sat down. He walked to his seat with a fine and easy carriage, gave a kindly, condescending nod to the waiter, and took five minutes over his menu. Then he gave his orders. I could just catch the tone of his voice—it was well-balanced and deliberate."

"One who mixes in the 'higher circles' of society, as some one says in some book I have read, I whispered to myself."

"I sometimes wondered on these Sat-

urday nights what it was that impelled me to take such a profound interest in a stranger.

"But this was a curiosity of a different kind. It was a fascination. If he stirred his little finger I seemed to make a note of it; if he lifted his glass I mentally jotted the act down. The easy, well-bred way in which he played with his gold toothpick—that also I never failed to make a memorandum of."

"As for him, he seemed to observe nobody. He curiously came under the pharmacopeia, the apothecary would have made nothing by him from year's end to year's end. If he looked round, it was in a leisurely fashion, and with such a purely universal air that it seemed to reprimand my own inquisitiveness. If anything, he had a slightly bored look."

"Five years, and nobody knows what he is. That was what stumped me. I never heard of such a thing before."

"Does he ever bring a friend with him?" I once asked to John.

"The General, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Never once to my knowledge, sir; he never spoke to no one as I know him in the room; and John went on sweeping up the crumbs at the next table."

"Which way does he come to dine?"

"Sharp from the left, on the other side of the Star Theatre," said John, wearily.

"His curiosity had long expired."

"Which way does he go after he has dined?"

"Down by the Star Theatre, then sharp to the left," said John, mechanically.

"I've my own business to attend to; he condescended to explain, with an air of superlative anxiety for the comfort of the habitués of Guarini's restaurant in general, and myself in particular."

"You mean he goes and comes exactly in the same way?"

"That's it, sir," said John, blandly.

"You're a roundabout way of saying it," I replied, somewhat irritated.

"But it was the paucity of the information that provoked me, not John's assumption of conscientiousness in the discharge of duty."

"One afternoon, I think it was a Monday, I was passing King George Parade at dark, just where the chief block in the traffic comes, when I saw by the gas jet in the centre of the cross roads, a eight that curdled my blood."

"A tall gentleman with his wife, and young daughter as I suppose, were crossing the street amid a rush of wheels and stampede of horses, when the little girl took fright at a pair of bays in front, heeled, and was instantly knocked over from behind. Her parents in front had not observed it. An omnibus, heavily freighted, was close upon her."

"As I have said, it was dark, and even if the driver had seen her, I think it must have been too late to pull up."

"I made a dart forward, but was anticipated by an old crossing sweeper, who seemed as agile as a cat, and nipped her up just in the nick of time. But he got a nasty knock on the head, which stunned him for a moment."

"Meanwhile the mother and father, as white faced as yonder snow, flew back to their child."

"Here's a sovereign, my brave fellow," said the gentleman, with quivering lip; "it's all I have at the moment on me, but if you'll come to me to-morrow—here's my card—I'll prove to you what a father's gratitude is."

"The sweeper looked up, gave an unmistakable start, and withdrew his outstretched hand."

"Even in his muffled-up face I could see a pallor that almost matched the lady's face."

"I only did my duty, sir," he said, and turned away to pick up his broom."

"Those two have met before," I said in an undertone.

"You little know what doing your duty means to me and my wife," cried the gentleman in the blindest astonishment.

"A crowd was now gathered around."

"Well, I'll take your card, and maybe I'll call in the morning, sir."

"Not to speak of a muffer that went round his throat in many coils, he had a battered old overcoat on with the collar up; and a slouched cap, so there was really little chance for the gentleman to see what the face of the preserver of his child was like."

"But it was evident to me, as an interested onlooker, that the dilapidated-looking crossing-sweeper had particular reasons for desiring to avoid his glance."

"The next moment he had turned away and walked swiftly into the growing darkness."

"No doubt he'll turn up," said the gentleman, peering through the crowd into the darkness; "but I wish I'd stuck to him. He seems a queer fellow. However, if he doesn't call, I can always find him here."

"Then he hailed a four-wheeler. They placed the little girl, whose clothes were dragged with mud, in it, stepped in after her, and then they too, disappeared in the murky gloom."

"And now it was my turn to give a start, for as the gentleman got into the cab, he half turned his head, and the gas lamp shone straight into it, and—"

"The General, of course," cried the sallow-visaged guest, with the air of having made a discovery that only an extremely hard-headed man could have accomplished.

"Not a doubt about it. The same stern, yet reticent expression; the same square forehead; the same slightly peaked nose; the same—"

"All right, go on," interrupted mine host. "If it's the same man, that's all we want to know."

"I should like to see the end of that," I said to myself, as I went on my way. "That's only one chapter in a story that has a touch of tragedy in it. Never saw a crossing-sweeper refuse a sovereign before, and yet his hand was ready enough to take it before he saw the General's face. What's more, I said, and I said it aloud, slapping my knee as I walked, 'that crossing-sweeper doesn't intend to follow up the address on that card to-morrow—no, nor next day, nor any other day this side of Christmas.'"

"I passed the parade as usual the suc-

ceeding afternoon on my way to Barchester Square. I looked in every direction.

"There was no crossing-sweeper; and I never saw him again in King George Parade. He had found another spot to carry on his deadly-lively occupation, and London is a big place, and once lost a man's track and you're done for, so far as finding him again goes."

"Another chapter ended in that story," said I; and, though I sometimes thought of the incident as passed the familiar spot, my interest waned, as it was bound to do."

"But didn't you see him again? That would be too provoking," said Sir Robert.

"I'm a great believer in the paltry portions of this globe of ours, and I've seen nearly every quarter of it. But go where I will, I'm always knocking my head against fellows I never expected to see again."

"Besides, I believe in animal magnetism, or a natural attraction, or electric sympathy, or whatever you call it," said the sallow-visaged guest.

"And I believe in coincidences," said the master of the house. "Indeed, I shouldn't be surprised if the last chapter were completed to-night, and the mystery solved. Some one here may hold the mystic key. Who knows?"

"There was a hearty laugh at this, and when it had subsided, the doctor went on. He had told his story with a certain brusque brevity, that added much to the effect of his narrative."

"I did meet him again," he said quietly.

"That's right," put in Sir Robert with a satisfied air, as if the story had been made to order like a suit of clothes, and had threatened not to fit so well as it ought to have done."

"It was at Badminton Corner. I had a patient to meet in Farmington Row, and passing the Corner one afternoon several weeks later on, whom should I see sweeping away, or pretending to sweep—for the weather was perfect—but my old acquaintance. I say acquaintance, but that is scarcely the right word, for I had never spoken to him, and I don't think he was aware of my existence."

"Hello!" I said, pulling up short.

"Right you are, sir," he said, without looking up—he was too busy for that."

"Weather dry," I observed, casually.

"So am I," he assented, his professional instinct scenting money instantly."

"That's the fellow," I thought, as I caught the sound of the old thick voice, for I wasn't quite sure of his identity before, the night being dark and slightly foggy."

"Cold but freezing," I added, to gain time.

"Don't suit me. There's too much ventilation in these 'ere garments 'o mine."

"And to be sure he looked a forlorn spectacle on closer scrutiny; nothing but holes, hastily tacked together with string. In fact, he seemed to be hung together with strings. A penknife would have brought him to pieces in a jiffy."

"Why, you must be half frozen," I remarked.

"By way of reply, he was seized with a hollow, hacking cough, that for professional accuracy in depth and tone, I have never heard exceeded by any crossing-sweeper or street-singer throughout the metropolis. Carefully and judiciously employed, that man's mixture was assured."

"I gave him a cough mixture prescription, written in pencil against a lamp post, and a shilling to buy it with. It was an acknowledgement of his ventriloquist powers. Maccabe was feeble in comparison."

"And did he try the physic?" asked the curate, in a deeply sympathetic voice.

"The doctor looked at him for a moment."

"Sir, if you were not a teetotaler, I would ask you to allow me to drink your health. Your interrogation reflects credit on your profession."

"But to proceed with my story. I met him several times at Badminton Corner. It always meant sixpence, so he learned to watch for my passing, about 6.30, and, however dark it was, I knew he was aware of my coming."

"What made you leave King George Parade?" I asked suddenly one night.

"You should have seen him start. His face was instantly bent to his work."

"Didn't pay," he said at last in a hollow voice, that bespoke the very last stage of phthisis. (The curate groaned.)

"But surely there's more traffic there," I argued.

"Traffic ain't everything," said the sweeper, still at his work. "You see, there's more old ladies crossing 'ere; and, besides that, there's the cheapest funeral establishment in London, over the way. You can tear your hair for two and elevenpence a year in that there shop, when you'd have to pay three and fivepence halfpenny for every yard as you mourned nothing but your own mother-in-law anywhere else, an'—well, looking at all args he evoked at this corner as I never calculated on. It's the best place as I ever lit on—leastways, sometimes," he concluded, hastily, fearful lest he might have dashed my philanthropy by a recital of the good points of Badminton Corner."

"Did the General, that is, the gentleman, settle much on you, when you called the next morning, after that accident?" I asked, with sudden promptness. "If I could take him off his guard I would."

"Again an amazing aptitude for business; and he began sweeping at an accelerated pace."

"What're you talking about, now?" he cried, in an aggrieved voice. "What General, and what accident?"

"Now don't say to humbug me. I saw you myself, save his little girl."

"Were you there?" he asked, like an animal at bay.

"I was."

"Well, I don't know nowt about it—there!"

"You won't tell me, you mean?"

"That's so."

"But didn't you go to next morning to his house?"

"What're you interfering for?" he asked, gloomily. "What if I did? Why shouldn't I?"

"But you didn't go! Oh, I know you didn't—"

"In an instant he dived past me, and was heading the way over the busy thoroughfare, for an old lady with a lap-dog. I heard his hacking cough across the street, and knew that he had ridden with that old lady's sorrow for suffering humanity to the extent of sixpence, at least."

"I shall never get anything out of that fellow," I said, and I gave up forever the attempt. It was just as well, for that was his last day at Badminton Corner. I passed several nights in succession, but the crossing sweeper was not there."

"Another chapter, and no nearer the end," I said.

"Meanwhile, I saw the General weekly. As I started at him the new difficulty that forced itself to my mind, was this—how was it, that he, a married man, a father, should dine alone every Saturday, in that retired restaurant? How was it, that in that condition of life, he had never omitted his visit during the past five years? And how was it, that—"

"Eh, John?"

"Yes, sir," said that functionary, napping on arm."

"Did he ever bring a lady and a little girl with him?"

"The General, you mean?" asked John, brusquely.

"He was heartily sick of the subject, and thought by this time that I had a slight softening of the brain. The fact is, I had got to talk of nothing else. There, at this moment, sat the General, the picture of embodied bachelorhood. There could be no mistake about that; if ever a man looked pleasantly resigned to single blessedness, it was the General. Yet none could doubt, who had heard that single heart-felt word—"a father's gratitude"—that not only a parent had spoken, but a man who lavished a thousand endearments on his only child, who lived in the bright glance of her eye, and whose one daily care it was to make her life burdensome."

"Yes; the General, of course," I said, peevishly.

"John was always reprimanding my inquisitiveness."

"As I told you weeks ago, he's come just of himself for more than five years. Never a soul with him; nor never has he spoken to no one in this establishment, excepting it be a waiter." And John turned off to another table. I was evidently a nuisance.

"That was the Saturday before Christmas. The following Monday was Christmas Eve. I had to make a call on Christwell Street. A lady had sent for me. I saw her and prescribed for her—an easy case—and descended into the street. It was about ten o'clock, and pitchy dark. A yellow fog obscured everything."

"I walked stealthily, almost feeling my way; the gas jets were just rayless points of light, that came and went as you passed beneath them—lights that shed no light—lights that showed you where you were, yet where nothing else was."

"I got to the corner of Borhampton Street, safely. Then I heard a sharp cry of alarm, followed by a fall and a groan. I rushed on very recklessly, into the impenetrable gloom."

"Following the sound of a moan, I stumbled on a man who was lying on the ground, crushed, and almost lifeless. The bus that had done the mischief was gone, but a four-wheeled cab was creeping along the curbstone."

"Any fare inside?" I shouted, through the fog.

"No."

"The cab stopped, and the driver descended."

"Help me to lift him in; my rooms are not three hundred yards away—No. 203 Crescent Road."

"All right, sir—double fare to-night—not but what I'd willingly assist in a case like this."

"Open the consulting-room door, Mary," I said to my servant, when she had answered my quick knock.

"The lamp was lit—I laid him on the couch, tore off his muffer, unbuttoned his coat, opened his waistcoat, listened to catch the beat of his pulse, was satisfied he was not dead—not yet, at least—then I looked at his face."

"The doctor paused."

"It was the crossing sweeper!" said the curate, impulsively.

"Not so very far wrong," said the doctor, grimly.

"The General, of course," said the sallow-visaged one, "out on some mischief. I don't like those quiet, bachelor-looking men, with ladies in the background."

"Both," said the doctor, quietly; and, for the first time, he handled the decanter and filled his glass. He poured it out steadily, to give us time.

"Both?" we all exclaimed in a chorus; and we stared at one another in blank amazement."

"It is absolutely impossible that he could be both," observed the vicar, in a conclusive kind of voice. "Why, in that case, the General thanked himself for rescuing his own daughter."

"And was so generous as to want to tip himself a sovereign," said Sir Robert.

"And invited himself to meet himself at his own house at ten o'clock next morning," added our host with remorseless logic.

"In order to cast himself on his own bosom, and sob out his gratitude, as he knelt at his own feet," demonstrated the sallow-visaged guest. "That won't do, Doctor; try it again."

"Both," said the doctor, grimly.

"Then I give it up," said Sir Robert, decidedly.

"I told you it was an unfinished tale," said the doctor.

"Oh, but that's nonsense! There must be some more, yet," said the sallow-visaged guest. "You can't leave us landed in such a bog as that. It's not fair. In fact, it's discourteous. What say you, gentlemen?"

"Quite uncalled for—distinctly improper," we all said in a breath.

"Well, there's a little bit more, but we must come to the bog all the same," said the doctor. "I've been landed there seven years. One thing is certain, I was gazing on the General in the crossing sweeper's rag, strings and all."

"Well, what next? we all cried in a breath."

"For a long time he was unconscious,

and I thought he would die without any explanation, but he came to at last."

"We all gave a sigh of relief."

"How did you get into these clothes?" I asked, forgetting my diagnosis in my astonishment.

"How did I get here?" he asked, by way of reply, and even then professional instinct was too strong him. He coughed a cough that could not be beaten between here and San Francisco."

"Then that cough mixture failed," broke in the curate.

"There was a roar of laughter."

"It did, I'm bound to confess. There was no appreciable improvement," admitted the doctor, with great candor.

"Am I going to die?" suddenly asked the sweeper.

"We shall see, I said, soothingly."

"You will, you mean," he replied, looking straight into my face. And, from that moment, the mask was off. He dropped the jargon of the street, and spoke as I had heard him speak at Guarini's."

"I fear that is a true correction, I do for you?"

"Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Nothing," he said, sadly. "Yet, stay; do you know Baker's Paradise?" A slight flush took the place of the sickly pallor on his face."

"No," I replied.

"Do you know Seven Dials?"

"In a way, I do," I answered, wonderingly.

"Ask for Wexford Street, and then for Thompson's Court, then for Baker's Paradise; then go to the top attic door on the left. That is my room; you will find seven shillings and threepence halfpenny, in my box. The key of the room is in the breast-pocket of my coat. Give five shillings and my gold toothpick to John, the waiter at Guarini's Restaurant, in Gale Street—very assiduous and respectful was John—and the change to Fritz. I always give them a trifle at Christmas."

"Is that all?" I asked, in astonishment, taking note at the same time that it settled the General's identity."

"That is all," and he laid his half-raised head down."

"But what about the lady and little girl?" I eagerly inquired.

"It was too late. He never spoke again, and in ten minutes he was dead."

"Of course you went to Baker's Paradise?" said the curate.

"I did. I nearly broke my neck in getting up the rickety staircase. I opened the window. I never saw such a den in all my life. A bed, fairly clean, but no other furniture in the room. On the bed lay a complete set of clothes—military frock coat, stock, clean collar, clean shirt, with studs in wristbands, and a pair of well-polished boots at the foot. In the box—an old tin box—was another suit, more threadbare than the other, and that was distinctly shiny, and at the bottom lay a gold toothpick, seven shillings and threepence halfpenny, all in copper, save two threepenny pieces. One thing more I noticed—a photograph—but nothing else."

"I went straight to Guarini's. John's heart quite melted at the sight of the five shillings, and he really dropped a tear as he handed the gold toothpick into his possession. I mention the fact because it is new to my experience. I have occasionally seen a waiter drop his napkin; I have seen a waiter drop a tureen, and the manager drop on him immediately afterwards; I have often seen a waiter who dropped his 'H's,' but I never saw a waiter who dropped a tear before."

"He would lose his place. He waits till he gets home," said the curate, compassionately.

"I saw him decently buried," continued the doctor, "and now, gentlemen, that's all. That's the bog, and I've been landed in it ever since. To stop up the last avenue of doubt, I may add—the General has never been seen at Guarini's from that day to this. The General is dead, and I saw him die."

"Very unsatisfactory," said the sallow-visaged guest, at last.

"Very," said the Vicar, in his decided voice.

"But what about the photograph?" asked one.

"I have it in my pocket-book, and that is in my coat up stairs."

"Was it his own likeness?" questioned Sir Robert.

"No; a lady's—a young lady's, and as fair a face as you could wish to see in a day's journey."

"Fetch it!" said the Vicar, very decisively.

The doctor left the room, and, in another minute, returned. We all instinctively rose, and crowded round him. The sallow-visaged guest took it and held it to the light.

"I don't know it," he said in a dissatisfied voice.

We all had a turn at it. It was a strangely pretty face, a sweet, innocent expression, and the eyes seemed to stare at us pleadingly.

"Let me see it," said Sir Robert, putting on his spectacles. He surveyed it very deliberately. He put it immediately below the gas-light. "I know that face!" he broke out, impossibly; "but it's a long time ago, and it was in India. Yes; it's Clara, I added, solemnly."

"Do you know it?" asked the doctor, eagerly.

"Most certainly. But how on earth did it get into this man's possession? He still handled the photograph. 'What's this?' he asked, quickly."

"There was some writing on the back of the photograph."

"From C. M. to Claud R.' That's what it says," said the doctor. "But how can initials and a baptismal name help us?"

"Extraordinary," said Sir Robert, musingly, not noticing the doctor's final remark, or question.

"What's extraordinary?" we cried.

"I think I can explain the mystery. Yes, I feel sure of it. Your General was Rochester—Claud Rochester, of the 95th Sussex, of that there cannot be a vestige of a doubt. And I can tell you a chapter of his history which may help to elucidate this otherwise most unaccountable story."

"Any relation to Dick Rochester?" asked the sallow-visaged guest.

"His younger brother. The incident I

FEEDING FOR BEEF.

BY F. H. SMITH, ADDISON, MICH.

[Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Michigan Short Horn Breeders' Association, held at Lansing, Dec. 14 and 15, 1885.]

I have made the growing and feeding of cattle for beef a sort of specialty in connection with my other farming operations for a number of years, with more or less success. Not so successful, however, as I ought to have made it, or believe I might have made it, had I not lacked perseverance.

Of all branches of farming I believe there are none to which the words of Patrick Henry (eternal vigilance) can be more appropriately applied than the proper growing and fattening of cattle and sheep. My plan of feeding at present is to buy my stock steers (I prefer two-year-olds) late in the fall or early winter. Formerly I bought late in the winter or early spring, but of late years I have found it difficult to buy them in the spring low enough to get much pay for keeping through the summer. I feed lightly with grain the first winter, but allow them to consume as much as they will of hay and coarse feed. Of course the amount of grain fed depends upon the quality of the coarse feed. If marsh hay and straw, more grain; if plenty of good timothy and clover hay, with a liberal libration of corn-stalks during the middle of the day, a very little grain will answer to keep them in a growing condition.

I believe in feeding as much of a variety as possible daily during the winter, feeding my best hay nights and mornings in the stables, and the damaged or coarse hay in racks in the yard during the day; or, if I have stalks to feed, and the weather is favorable, scatter a load in the open field. I never want my cattle disturbed by feeding before daylight in the morning or after dark at night. I find my cattle will make way with a great deal of coarse, poor hay during the day if fed in the yard or open field, that they would barely smell of when confined in the stable. I keep my cattle on straw a good deal of the time during the winter, but not outside of it. Any farmer who, after raising a good crop of wheat, will starve his cattle for the sake of making them eat up his straw stalks, in my opinion ought to be arrested for cruelty to animals, sent to the house of correction and kept on bread and water until the grass grows in the spring. I know that our learned professors at our Agricultural College tell us of the fat and muscle producing properties contained in straw, but I would like to ask them if sawdust does not contain about the same ingredients?

In changing my cattle from dry feed to grass in the spring I endeavor to do it gradually, by allowing them to roam at will over my pastures as soon as the grass starts, or the ground becomes settled sufficiently to keep the cattle from slumping in, at the same time diminishing the feed of grain, but giving all the hay they will eat, and as long as they will eat it. I find the best way is to have racks, placed in the pasture on some elevated or as dry a place as may be, keeping hay in them, giving the cattle an opportunity to go and take a full lunch of the same whenever they desire to do so. I find they will eat a good deal of hay long after the pasture has become seemingly abundant. By adopting this plan I find I can carry my cattle over the dry and more concentrated feed of winter to the full feed on grass in the spring, without that derangement of the digestive organs that is liable to follow if changed at once from dry feed to lush pasture. As to the kind of pasture, if I could have it just to my liking, I would have about one-quarter timothy and clover and the balance old sod of mixed grasses, such as June or blue grass, red-top, etc. Or, in other words, such grasses as nature furnishes us on most of our farms in Southern Michigan after the timber has been removed and the brush and briars destroyed.

I keep my cattle as quiet as possible during the summer, never changing from one pasture to another if I can avoid it. Give salt about once a week, or as often as they seem to require it; see that they have plenty of water convenient to get at. As to kind of water I can't say but that they do just as well on warm stagnant water if there is plenty of it (and sometimes I think better), than on cool spring water. As to amount of land required to carry a three-year-old steer through the summer in good shape, (what I mean by good shape is to get him fat), I estimate about three acres of good grazing land in ordinary seasons. I usually sell my fattest cattle during the summer months, keeping the rest and feeding amply in the fall with shock corn, usually until about the middle of December. I believe there is no time during the year in this State that beef can be made so cheaply as during the months of October and November by feeding liberally with shock corn while the cattle are running in pasture.

I usually grow a few calves of my own raising. But as long as good calves can be bought from \$8 to 12 per head in the fall of the year, from six to eight months old, it hardly pays to keep cows for the purpose of raising calves. About the middle of last December I shipped to the New York market eight three year old steers of my own raising, an approximate or estimated cost of which I made out, and it was published in our county papers. Some of the members of this convention may have seen it before, but probably not many, and as it may be interesting to some I will read a part of it. They were all high grade Short Horns, some of them, I presume, thoroughbreds, but not registered. They had the same ears as the rest of my cattle until the last year, when they were kept by themselves most of the time and fed heavier with grain. As the grain consisted of a larger part of the time of corn and oat meal, mixed, about one half each, I have made that a standard of the grain, valued at \$1.25 per cwt. The hay I have at \$3 per ton and the pasture at \$5 per acre. The average age of the calves the first of December was about six months. I

valued them at that time at \$15 per head. I give the result as follows:

Value of eight calves, Dec. 1, '85	\$120.00
Feed 24.0 the meal during winter 1885-'86	30.00
Feed four tons of hay	20.00
Feed six tons of pasture	30.00
Feed 4,500 the meal in winter of 1885-'86	60.00
Feed six tons of hay	40.00
Feed 7,000 the meal in winter of 1885-'86	100.00
Feed ten tons of hay	80.00

Cost of eight steers May 1, 1886..... \$600.00

The eight steers were three years old on above date, and weighed 12,040 lbs. As beef cattle at that time were very high they would have sold for about 60¢ per lb., or \$788.60, making a fine profit of \$198.60.

Now for the profits of feeding the next seven months, from May 1st to Dec. 2d. They were fed during the first part of the summer about eight and the latter about twelve pounds of meal per head per day, an average say of ten lbs. a day per head for 215 days. They also had the use of 16 acres of pasture, and consumed about five tons of hay. We have the following:

Value 8 steers May 1, '86, 12,040 lbs at 60¢	\$722.40
Feed 12.5 tons meal, 12.5 the seven mos.	40.00
Feed five tons hay in same time	40.00
Use of 16 acres pasture.....	80.00
Use of 5 tons hay.....	25.00
Total cost Dec. 2, 1886.....	\$1,127.40
Weight Dec. 2, '86, 15,250 lbs at 72¢ per lb.	1,098.00

Cost of pleasure in keeping fine cattle \$ 56.10

Their growth varied during the 215 days from 310 to 400 lbs. per head. The average gain was 400 lbs., or 1 86-100 lbs. per head per day.

FEEDING VALUE OF ROOTS—SMALL YORKSHIRE HOGS.

PRAIRIEVILLE, Jan. 18, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I would like to inquire through the Farmer of the farmers as to the general characteristics of the Small Yorkshire hogs. Are they a very small hog, and who has them for sale? Also the relative value of mangolds and turnips to corn for feeding pigs in winter. At the present price of pork we farmers have got to lessen the expense of wintering pigs if there is to be anything left to pay for fattening. I would also like to ask the Farmer which pays best, to keep hogs one year and a half, or to feed early pigs? I am not asking too much, let me hear from you. I think a great deal of the Farmer.

O. M. ANDERTON.

PRAIRIEVILLE, Jan. 18, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The Yorkshire hog has probably been the means of greater improvements in the hog family than any other breed. All the white hogs, and many of the spotted ones, owe their best qualities to the Yorkshire. In England a number of white hogs have been bred under different names, such as the large Yorkshire, the small and the middle Yorkshire, the Windsor or Prince Albert, the improved Middlesex, the Suffolk, Colehill, and the Manchester. All these are either Yorkshires, or a cross of the Yorkshire with some other closely allied family, as the Cumberland. In this country the Chester White and the Cheshire hogs owe their most valuable characteristics to the Yorkshire. The Small Yorkshire, at all intents and purposes, is the improved Suffolk. Some breeders are tenacious regarding names, but we cannot tell when a Suffolk is shown whether its owner will class it as a Small Yorkshire or a Suffolk, and vice versa. They mean the same thing.

As to the relative feeding value of mangolds and turnips as compared with corn, it would be best to rely upon corn, at present prices, and with the thermometer at its present range. Turnips or mangolds are not calculated for an entire diet for hogs. But if you will give one feed a day, supplementing it with corn, your hogs will do better and be healthier than if confined entirely to a corn diet. If any of our readers have had experience in feeding mangolds or turnips to their hogs we should be pleased to hear from them.

The quicker you can grow a hog and place it in market the larger the returns will be. If your pigs come early in spring, they should be ready for market before very cold weather sets in, and the cost of feeding will be much less in warm than in cold weather. In fact, hogs can be put into market in this way which cost little or nothing for grain, having only had good pasture and a chance to glean in the wheat and corn fields.

Remedy for Potato Rot.

WHITEHALL, MICH., Jan. 23, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Your paper of December 29th has a long article on the potato disease. Permit me to say that for thirty years, when rot was about, I have dug some as ripe, and got them into the cellar as fast as possible. Then throw over a quart of an inch of slacked lime over the bin floor, put in nine or ten inches deep of potatoes, and lime again, repeating till all were thus secured. If the disease is the same, the lime will dry up every affected spot, leaving the rest sound.

SEVENTY-SIX.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of a Kalamazoo article on page seven. There are two safe ways to judge of an article. One way is by its words. One is by its results. But if you have testimonials ever prove anything, they prove that zo-phora is constantly accomplishing excellent results. Another way to judge of an article is by the character of the man or men connected with it. The character of the man composing the zo-phora company is first class in every respect. They are all old and well known citizens of Kalamazoo. Among them are some of the most experienced and reliable bankers and manufacturers in Michigan. These men did not put their money and their moral support into zo-phora until they had investigated carefully and were convinced that it was a thoroughly honest business and that the merit of the medicine made it a safe thing for them to invest in.

At Wabash, Ind., Jacob Christman and his

brother Henry were hauling logs, when a log

slipped, rolled upon Jacob, wedging his legs

between the sleds and resting upon his hip.

Henry endeavored to move the log, but being

unable to do so, rolled over the victim's

breast and head, inflicting injuries which will

result fatally.

Those who have used the Ross Zinc and

Leather Collar Pads and Ankle Boots say they

are the best and cheapest, because most durable.

They will last a lifetime. Sold by

Harness Makers on 60 days' trial. DEXTER

CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Poultry and Swine," "Horse Training Manual," etc. For regular advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free of charge. No question will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given to the reader, the following questions are asked: 1. What is the name of the animal? 2. What is the age? 3. What is the sex? 4. What is the breed? 5. What is the color? 6. What is the condition of the animal? 7. What is the nature of the disease? 8. What is the treatment? 9. What is the result? 10. What is the cost? 11. What is the time? 12. What is the place? 13. What is the date? 14. What is the name of the doctor? 15. What is the name of the patient? 16. What is the name of the owner? 17. What is the name of the place? 18. What is the name of the date? 19. What is the name of the name? 20. 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